

Services of Henry Smith.
There are always several letters awaiting Speaker Carlisle's eye, which show how completely some people are willing to make use of the public servants of the country. These letters are communications requesting the speaker to decide some parliamentary point which is troubling some organization. Occasionally a debating club gets all torn up over something in Cushing's Manual and asks to refer the settlement of the whole of it to the speaker of the house of representatives. Mr. Carlisle usually hands all these letters to Mr. Henry H. Smith, the clerk and author of the book of 500 containing the manual and digests of rules and practices of the house. Mr. Smith is what the boys call a "manly man." He sits in the speaker's desk and follows the legislation more closely than anybody upon the floor. When the speaker is in a tangle, and a dozen men are upon their feet making this or that parliamentary inquiry, Harry Smith is the coolest man there. Not only does he know the proper rulings, but his fingers fly over the leaves of the reference books, and in half a minute the speaker has before him all the precedents by which he can justify his position. [New York Telegram.]

She Got Acquainted.
"Hold on to the young man in front," said a young lady's escort, as they seated themselves on the toboggan. "But I don't know him." "Well, take hold of him and get acquainted." "Sir!" said the Puritanical miss, with an offended look. Her escort chuckled and dropped the conversation. The toboggan started. "Oh, my!" squealed the nervous young lady, taking a very light hold of the blouse of the young man in front. The escort chuckled a little more and the toboggan flew faster. As the sled struck the level the young lady bobbed into the air. She threw her arms around the neck of the young man in front and clung to him like a well licked postage stamp to a letter. When the toboggan came to a standstill the young lady was still tightly clasping the stranger. "Well, did you get acquainted?" inquired the escort, with a grin. "You horrid thing!" was her only answer.

Wine Deteriorates.
One by one the ancient myths depart. The old notion that wine improves by age it seems is a humbug. One Winkelman, a German chemist, has been experimenting on the subject, and says there is an age at which all wines, including the very best, cease to be wholesome. He ordered some of the famous Bremen Rathskeller, Rudesheimer Rose, 1652, and Hocheimer Apostel, 1726, highly recommended for the medicinal value, and found that they were deficient in natural glycerine and contained as much acid as the cheapest new wines. It is poor seasons, so that they were positively injurious to health.

That Tired Feeling

Is so general at this season that every one knows what is meant by the expression. A change of season, climate, or of life, has such a depressing effect upon the body that one feels all tired out, almost completely prostrated, the appetite is lost, and there is no ambition to do anything. The whole tendency of the system is downward. In this condition Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite, overcomes the tired feeling, and invigorates every function of the body. Try it.

"I never took any medicine that did me so much good in so short a time as Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was very much run down, had no strength, no energy and felt very tired all the time. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had used one bottle felt like a different person. That tired feeling has gone, my appetite returned, and I toned me up generally. My brother and sister have also received great benefit from it." CLARA W. PHILLIPS, Shirley, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by druggists. 50¢; six for \$2. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION
CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND
SENNA-MANDRAKE-BUCHU
AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES
It has stood the Test of Years,
in Curing all Diseases of the
BLOOD, LIVER, STOMACH,
ACH, KIDNEYS, BOWELS, &c. It Purifies the
Blood, Invigorates and
Cleanses the System.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS
CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE
LIVER, KIDNEYS,
STOMACH AND
BOWELS
FOR SALE
BY ALL DRUGGISTS
PRICE 1 DOLLAR

It is a purely vegetable medicine as its cathartic properties forbid its use as a beverage. It is pleasant to the taste, and is easily taken by children as adults.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.
Sole Proprietors,
St. Louis and Kansas City

MUSTANG
Survival of the Fittest.

A FAMILY MEDICINE THAT HAS HEALED
MILLIONS DURING 35 YEARS!

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.
A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND OF
MAN AND BEAST!

The Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known for more than thirty-five years as the best of all Liniments, for Man and Beast. Its sales to-day are larger than ever. It cures when all others fail, and penetrates skin, tendon and muscle, to the very bone. Sold everywhere.

The Oldest & Best Liniment
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Mistaken Mortals.
There are a great many things that we mean to do in our households, in the matter of the amelioration of manners, of refinement and of customs, of a different and nobler mode of intercourse, of a better culture for our children, and of a purer and sweeter conversation day by day; that is, we are going to do these things. Men are constantly putting off things which they are disposed to do, and purposing by-and-by to attend to them.

In the first place, I protest against that style of doing business which takes a man out of his family to so great an extent, as it does with many men. It is often the case that men who are doing business in our great cities, get up and go away so early that their children do not see them in the morning, and come back so late at night that their children have gone to bed before they get home. In many cases it is only on Sunday that there is anything like a family day; and that is a languid day—a day for rest from weariness, on account of the excessive pressure of occupation. And there is this everlasting excuse, that if a man is going to do business as makes it necessary for a man to give up his mornings and his evenings. I do not believe that a business is profitable to which one's whole time is devoted. I believe that any business, the success of which depends upon the action of the brain, is better conducted in eight hours than in twelve or ten. I believe that the spreading of one's self over an excessive broad space induces an element of feebleness in business. I believe that it is better to contract the water that we have into a narrow channel than to let it spread wide over the whole meadow, and so lose depth and strength. What right has a man to stand in the relation of a father to a household, and be forever absent from that household?

"The mother," it is said, "takes care of the children." There may be such cases as those of seamen, who are obliged to go on errands around the world, in which case the mother must necessarily bear all the responsibility of bringing up the children—but it is a great misfortune wherever it occurs. Then there is an element of unnaturalness in it—and it should be avoided wherever it is in any way possible to do so. It is the duty of every Christian man to stand by the side of his partner, and help her in teaching and rearing the children in the family. The father and mother are both necessary. The man and the woman make the one unit which God meant in the creation of the race. Often men who live such an unnatural life, look forward to the time when their business shall be in such a state that they can attend to their households. They say it shall be a year longer, and the next year, and the year following, and the year after they tumble into the grave. They are always "going to." It is always "by-and-by" with them.

Then there are those infelicities which exist in one's own self—for there are few persons who are perfectly harmonious; and this life is a school in which we are to study harmony. It is here that we are to learn how to love. Nobody knows, off hand, how to love. There is an impulse of love; there is a sentiment of affection; but true love is a thing to be developed by education. No matter how good an ear for music one may have, he cannot be master of music, and excel, if he does not bring genius to the bench of industry and educate it; and one of the most subtle and difficult of all the attainments of man is the power of loving. Nature did not give us everything that we need to enable us to love. In nothing do we need more education and culture, and drill, than in that; and the household is the school where it is to be learned.

Now, men go into this relation of marriage, and of household care, without thought, or with only the jauntiest notions; but when they come into the family and find where asperities are, where repulsions are, if they be right-minded, they commune with themselves, and say: "This must be mended, my hasty temper must be controlled; and I will control it." But when? The night cometh; and, if anything is to be done, with your temper, it must be done now. To roll it off and say: "Some time; by-and-by; when I have less to annoy and hinder me"—that is not wise. Oh! how many times I have seen uninterupted tears drop from the eyes of those who were returning from the grave! I knew their meaning.

They were caused by the memory of things which those weepers ought to have done to those whom they loved, but which they had left undone; the unsettled things; the unkind things; the harsh things; the unjust things—how many think of these when it is too late to make amends for them! "Oh," says many a man, "if I had known, as I know now, how differently would I have done! And how much better would I have been!" The night comes; it is speeding; and there are no changes which require more labor and more time than changes of disposition; and if you are not treating your wife, your husband, your children, your brothers, your sisters, your friends according to your ideal of love, and kindness, and long suffering and patience, there is no time for procrastination; now is the accepted time; to-day the day on which you should begin the good work. The night comes, and sorrows come with it. —Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Ma Takes It All.

School Teacher—Now, Master Thompson, tell me, the denominations into which the money of the United States is coined?

Master Thompson—Don't know.

School Teacher—Don't you know how the money your father brings home every Saturday night is divided?

Master Thompson—Tain't divided. Ma takes it all. —Boston Beacon.

MILLIONS IN THEIR MINDS.

Men Who Lose Time and Money on Useless Inventions—Instances Related.

"Inventors?" said a well-known model-maker to a reporter. "Why, it seems to me that every hour brings out a new one. A week never passes that I am not called upon by an inventor to construct a model, and each one has the strangest notions and most absurd ideas as to the value of his invention."

"Do the new ideas run to any particular phase of improvement?" asked the reporter.

"O, yes. The majority of my callers have invented something which will render travel by sea absolutely free from danger, or much faster than anything yet known. Since the wreck of the Oregon a gentleman called regarding an invention he had planned the night after the disaster. He came into the office, and, after peering carefully around to see if we were alone, asked me if I could make any kind of a model. I told him I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I have got a wonderful thing here that I thought out last night.' I asked him what it was, and before replying he went cautiously to the door, looked up and down the corridor, then returned and whispered, 'Are you sure no one will hear us, because as yet I only have the plan in my head and it is worth millions of dollars to me; I would not sell my idea for a hundred thousand this minute.' He then proceeded to give me the benefit of his idea, first binding me to absolute secrecy, finishing his remarks by saying: 'I want you to make the model for me, and to pay you for your trouble I will sign a contract giving you ten shares of the stock when my company is formed.'"

"I told him I did not want any stock, but would make his model for \$25. 'Why, man,' said he, 'you don't realize the worth of this thing; it will render such disasters as happened to the Oregon absolutely impossible. Ten shares of that stock would some day be worth thousands of dollars to you; but I was inexorable, and he finally went away swearing like a pirate. What was his idea? Oh, a scheme making a steamer in four separate sections, so that even if every section but one should be sunk, that one would float forever. The shock of a collision would separate the sections, so that it would be impossible to sink them all at once. Young man, I could sit here all day and tell you strange stories of inventions of which I have strange models. Some of them have been successful, but the majority are failures and go to the wall. Very recently a man came in here with something he thought was new, and out of which he was going to make money enough to pay the national debt without missing it. I examined it, and very quickly saw it was precisely the same thing that cost Peter Cooper \$60,000 some years ago, and amounted to nothing; a scheme for placing a wheel amidships, just over the vessel's keelson; proved to be thoroughly impracticable. He cried like a baby when I told him it was no good. I make hundreds of models every year that I never hear of after they leave my shop; some are deliberate tricks, meant to entice investors; others are honestly intended, but fail in application. Some I know won't work; others I believe to be good; but I have lost confidence in them all, and when they offer me stock in payment for my work, I say: 'Cash or nothing.'"

"I'll tell you a little experience I had the other day with an inventor, but, as his scheme may appear in the form of a stock company soon, I'll omit names. I was all alone, when the door opened, and a man about 50 years old approached me cautiously, and asked me if I was the proprietor; then extended a long legal document which I swore to in effect a contract in which I swore to keep all held over to reveal the secrets I should learn, and in which I was to agree to make his model for five shares of stock. 'Will you sign that?' he asked in a whisper. I told him I would sign so much of it as referred to keeping the thing secret, but that I wanted money for my labor. He begged and entreated, and finally he went away, returning again and offering \$25 on account. 'Well, I went to work, and he came here this morning for his model. I'll give you an idea of it, and for absurdity it beats anything I ever knew. He intends to revolutionize the world so far as machinery is concerned; in other words, he thinks he has discovered perpetual motion. My agreement prohibited my putting the thing together to see if it would work, but I know it won't. It is a large wheel, constructed so that seven long levers are provided with an elbow that bends to and fro, as the wheel revolves in such a way that when underneath they close and when on the top they open, forming a weight, by projecting out beyond the wheel's rim, that is meant to make it revolve. The idea is that five-sevenths are pulling against two-sevenths continually. Rather a cute idea, but the inventor forgets the natural friction that must be overcome, and it will never succeed. I could name many men who are prominent in business life here who have had their turn as inventors, and I could relate many curious incidents to you, but you'll have to call some day when I'm less busy than now.' —New York Mail and Express.

Beauty and Marriage.

He who marries beauty—unattended, even though it is—through pure love, marries not more wisely than he who marries through motives mercenary. The last gets at least something of real substance, while the first closes with an ignis-fatuus which soon vanishes, and yet, unlike its prototype, leaves a train of evils in its wake. I repeat, beauty is ever selfish, vain, cold and exacting, hard to win, and when won, owing to its vast estimation of self, hard to satisfy and keep. The beautiful forever look back upon their past triumphs, forever puff up their souls on past flattery, and ever consider their fortune beneath their desert. Especially should the poor—regardless of sex—be warned against marrying beauty. Wealth may with more impunity wed beauty, inasmuch as it can sometimes satisfy its demands; the poor may at best commit suicide at once. —Rev. F. E. Valetta in St. Louis Magazine.

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Bowen's Budget. Fort Plain, N. Y., for March, 1886, says: In the multiplicity of medicines placed upon the market, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the meritorious and the worthless. There are at least two excellent remedies widely used, the efficiency of which are unquestioned. We refer to St. Jacobs Oil and Red Star Cough Cure.

Paris D disappointed.
News from across the Atlantic tells how the famous horse-chestnut in the garden of the Tuileries did not come out on March 20 this spring. In vain people looked for leaves or buds, the exasperating cold closed precedents, and set back precocious bloom. This 20th of March horse-chestnut tree like almost all the old trees of the garden, was planted in 1680, the year that Louis XIV caused many trees to be set out, but soon there will hardly remain in garden of the Tuileries more than 200 trees of this ancient date. The other trees have not been set out more than twenty or thirty years at the farthest.

Stumped at "Whereas."
I recently came across an anecdote of John C. Calhoun, which will be as new to your readers, perhaps, as it was to me. It appears that a lady friend once impudently told him to write an original poem in her album. Strange to say, he consented. After many attempts to fashion his thought fancifully, he wrote the word "whereas," but to save his life he could go no further. Having selected the unpoetical word in the language to start with, the muse fled from him in horror and fright, leaving the stern logician completely baffled. Despairing of the performance of his promise, he wrote to the lady frankly admitting his plight. She asked that the album be returned just as it stood. [Washington correspondent Augusta Chronicle.]

Large charity doth never soil, but only whitens soft hands.
Why go limping around with your boots soiled? Your feet will clean them when you walk straight.
The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

There is scarcely a disease of the human system, acute or chronic, which VESICAR BITTERS will not retard and lessen, and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will cure. In large doses the Bitters is cathartic and tonic, in moderate doses it is a tonic, a gentle purgative, invigorator, and corrector of the blood.

Fashion is now vigorously setting its face against gummed envelopes.

WANCE, Galls, Scabies, Cracked Heel, Thrush, and all diseases of the feet and irritations of the skin of horses and cattle quickly and permanently cured by the use of VET. F. MARY CARROLL'S. 50c, and \$1 at Druggists.

Congressman George Taliaferro Barnes, of Georgia, weighs 300 pounds.

Clergymen and physicians recommend Hall's Hair Renewer for diseases of the scalp and hair.

Ayer's Ague Cure neutralizes the miasmatic poison which causes fever and ague.

The oldest inhabitant of Worcester is Mrs. Mary Gould, 107.

I have been selling your Athlophors for a few months and have sold between one and two dozen. It gives better satisfaction for rheumatism than any other preparation of the kind I have ever sold. C. M. Treat, druggist, Adrian, Mich.

Mrs. Hall, of Omaha, has passed her hundredth year.

Be merciful to dumb animals. Heal all open sores and cuts with Stewart's Healing Powder, 15 and 50 cents a box.

The fourteen miles of street railway in Glasgow are owned by the city.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little NERVE PILLS. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

Food makes Blood and Blood makes Beauty. Improper digestion of food necessarily produces bad blood, resulting in a feeling of fullness in the stomach, acidity, heartburn, sick headache, and other dyspeptic symptoms. A closely confined life causes indigestion, constipation, biliousness and loss of appetite. To remove these troubles there is no remedy equal to Prickly Ash Bitters. It has been tried and proven to be a specific.

Agreeable surprises are the perquisites of youth.

THE CAMPAIGN IN NEBRASKA.
We desire to place a copy of THE OMAHA WEEKLY BEE into every farmhouse in Nebraska during the coming campaign. The regular subscription price is \$1.25 a year or 75 cents for six months. We will furnish the paper from June to December (six months) for 35 cents, or in clubs of five for \$1.50 for five copies.

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Omaha, Nebraska.
Edward Atkinson says that a man can live comfortably in Boston on \$200 a year.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. JACOB, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

TOWER'S SLICKER
The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. The new FISH BRAND SLICKER is a perfect riding coat and covers the entire outfit. Beware of imitations. Name genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

"What is Woman Worth?"
asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nineteen states and eight territories still have public lands.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," Positively Popular; Provokes Praise; Proves Painless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Relief; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase, Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

Rev. Timothy Dwight will succeed Dr. Noah Porter, as president of Yale college.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It appears that there are now in Paris 47,500 unemployed flats.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Many things are dreadful, but nothing is more dreadful than man.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary, in treating a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balm, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 a bottle.

Mary Brennan, of Chicago, has reached the extreme old age of 117 years.

3 months' treatment for \$50. Pilo's Remedy